Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be reſolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a lion midſt a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his ſonne.

Three ſunnes appeare in the aire.

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious ſun,
Daſell mine eies or doe I ſee three ſuns?

Rich. Three glorious ſuns, not ſeperated by a racking
Cloud, but ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining skie.
See, ſee, they ioine, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowde ſome league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one ſun,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the ſonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Alreadie each one ſhining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining ſuns.
But what art thou, that looke ſt ſo heauilie?

Meſ. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was ſlaine.

Edw. O ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for *I* will heare it all.

Meſ.

Meſ. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then purſu'de by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
And manie ſouldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forſt the Duke to yeeld:
And then they ſet him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high deſpite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of ſweet young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* ſlaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloudy ſwordes,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke* they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke* our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules pallace is become a priſon.
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breaſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioie.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moiſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white roſe be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Richard, I bare thy name, and *Ile* reuenge thy death,
Or die my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing gainſt the ſunne.